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❧ STANZA AND SEQUEL. ☦

—Greene.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



STANZA AND SEQUEL

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

AELLA GREENE,

AUTHOR OF

“Rhymes of Yankee Land,” and “Into the Sunshine.”

33

PUBLISHED IN 1884.



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WORDS THAT WERE MEANT.

REV. A. C. SEWALL, Williamstown, Mass.:

Dear Sir :—If any should ask, you may inform them that you have not been consulted in reference to my alluding, thus publicly, to your words of cordial appreciation of my rhythmic work, words that came independent of the commendations of President Hopkins, Henry W. Longfellow and Josiah Gilbert Holland, and before that other seer and saint, John Greenleaf Whittier, and the present Irving of our country, Mr. Warner, had, unapprised of the opinions of others, honored specimens that work with their “well done.” Your words and theirs, with more that followed from yourself and others, still glow with the lustre of that gem-like sincerity which leads to the belief that you and they intended even the high praise those words express, and aids the determination to despise flatteries and endure the harshness and prosiness of the Gradgrinds of earth!

Congratulating you on living in a town blessed with the personal presence of the majestic Hopkins and fragrant with the memories of the school-days of his illustrious disciple, James A. Garfield, and wishing you success in the work of your sacred calling, I am, with grateful acknowledgments to those whose hearty recognitions have cheered me,

Always Yours Truly,

AELLA GREENE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., November, 1883.

The originals of but few of the characters in "Rhymes of Yankee Land," Mr. Greene's first book, have been ascertained; but it is thought, that, in penning the stanzas in reference to the enterprise of New Englanders at the West, the writer must have had in mind the career, then just beginning, of Hon. Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, one of the most enterprising young men Berkshire county, Mass., ever sent to the outer world.—

Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
FRIENDS AT METAWAMPE

AND OTHERS ELSEWHERE,

THIS VOLUME

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

ARGUMENT.

At the opening of the poem appear two *dramatis personæ*, the poets Horatius and Ethelbert, the former a distinguished son of song and the other his friend who bravely endures the defeat of his ambitions in literature and his "fate unkind" in an affair of the heart. "Responsive to the summons" of Ethelbert, Horatius visits him at his place of summer sojourn, in the vicinity of the Housatonic river, in Berkshire, and, to cheer him in his griefs, compliments him for his heroism in bearing them, discourses to him of the singing of the brooks, with which that lovely region is charmingly resonant, and

"When rivulets with singing,
Have cheered Ethelbert's heart,"

takes him, in imagination, from Berkshire to the Connecticut valley and the landscapes "which Metawampe guards," and in which is laid the scene of a story that is recited by Horatius, with the hope that it prove ominous of a bright future for Ethelbert. The narrative brings to date the eventful career of the hero and heroine, Leon and Lillian, who that very day have embarked for foreign lands. They however, unexpectedly, appear on the scene, and following the presentation of Ethelbert to the newly arrived, there is "revealing on revealing," and Horatius, the glad beholder of the early fulfill-

ARGUMENT.

ment of his own prophecies, in the unexpected meeting of Ethelbert and his long lost friend Estelle, soon joyfully announces to Ethelbert still another discovery, in which the latter finds that a forgotten act of his has become, under Providence, and through the faithfulness of the heroine Lillian in "following her intuitions" and "making real the ideal," the source of all his joy; and in this discovery the reader learns the reason for the name of the poem. Then follows an allusion to a feast to be prepared by Lillian, at the suggestion of Leon, "to mark events resulting from sentiments," and the poem concludes with Leon's suggesting the fitness of the nearing October for the wedding of the reunited lovers, and his invitation to them to accompany Lillian and himself as they shall go, in that month,

"To thread the glens of Scotland
And climb the Alpine hight;
And linger in the castles
That rose by feudal might."

PROEM.

If, sore discouraged and distressed,
With sorrows and with cares oppressed,
And sins confessed, and unconfessed,
 And every ill,

The heart were struggling for relief,
And found no succor from its grief,
In buoyant trust, and bright belief,—
 How sad the earth !

But rules reverse of these obtain,
Nor mortal suffered yet in vain,
A trivial, nor the largest pain,
 Nor ever will.

So let the troubled take new heart,
Learn well of suffering the art,
Nor shun a share a generous part
 In life's good griefs !

The saddest his of all estates.
And slave is he to dreadest fates,
And farthest he from heavenly gates,
 Whom doubt doth rule !

But, sad one, if thou triest to trust,
In spite of all earth's dark and dust,—
Though midst them living, as thou must,—
 Thou liv'st above,—

Then fiends that strive shall strive in vain
Control of thy good soul to gain,
And Hope, true angel, for thee deign
 Her constant aid.

For none hath God the tender care
He ever shows for those who bear
Of life's worst woes abundant share,
 Enduring well.

Enduring gives the power t'endure,
With skill to make life's troubles fewer.
And suffering makes the sufferer pure,—
 So welcome ill.

Bright after clouds there comes the sun,
And sweetest rest when work is done,
True peace is but by warring won,—
 True wealth by toil !

How blessed is the bright belief,
That joy which cometh after grief,
Is sweetest joy, and is not brief,
 Like other joys !

Inspiring, grand and true the thought,
That bliss by bitter trials bought,
Is nearer unto heaven than aught
 On earth beside !

STANZA AND SEQUEL.

Horatius.

COMPANION of my boyhood
And friend of all my years,
Sublimely well enduring
 Woes all too deep for tears ;
Responsive to your summons,
 I come to share your grief,
To rhyme in reminiscence
 And sing a bright belief ;
Predicting you soon finding
 The dawn succeed the night,
If thorns, likewise the roses,
 And after wrong the right !

Away from scenes of traffic,
 Away from business cares,
In which you toil so bravely
 To kill the grief that wears,
Only to find, in toiling,
 The work of no avail ;

You come to ask of nature
A balm that will not fail.
Among the Berkshire mountains
Where nature does its best
To aid the tired and grieving
With satisfying rest,

You come, my loved Ethelbert,
Sighing at every breath,
Yet glowing with high purpose
To battle to the death
The griefs so fiercely gnawing
The heart of one as brave
As he, all uncomplaining,
Imperiled land to save,
Who risks amid red carnage,
With willingness, his life,
And joys to be called worthy
To perish in the strife.

This excellence of patience
Is foretaste, in the grief,
Prophetic of fruition,

Quick after the belief,
That, tribulation suffered,
With bravery and love,
And faith that says the Father
Sends trials from above,
Grief's fiends shall flee, and angels
Unlock the gates of light
And usher in the morning,
To follow sorrow's night.

Ethelbert, near these mountains
The hamlet of your birth,
That seemed to you, in childhood,
The loveliest spot of earth;
Where all the days of winter
Were happy days for you,
However wild the drifting
Of snowy storms that blew;
And happy was the spring-time,
And days of summer bloom
Poured joys until for others
Your heart had not the room.

When fiercest heat was over,
And on the pasture hill
The steers, rid of their tackle,
Were left to feed at will;
And orchards bent with pippins
Around a buckwheat field
That gave a fragrant promise
Of an abundant yield,
Delightful then your dreaming,
As August waned away,
When seemed the hours half summer,
And autumn, still, the day.

Then mornings all, and sunsets,
To you were choicest gold,
And days with joys were brimming
As full as days could hold.
Ah! sweet and fairy valley!
Where birds and purling streams,
Cascades and hill-side forests,
Excelled your brightest dreams;
Where poet might sing sweetest,

With scene above the psalm
Affording hearts the saddest
Sufficing rest and balm.

And, still, to you, 'tis fiction
To name the hamlet blest,
Though there began your being,
And there your kindred rest;
And there your days were halcyon
With skies of peaceful hue,
And seemed the good translated
No happier than you!
For there, a little later,
The sadness must begin,
The sweet of life turn bitter,
Its melody be din;

And all its pleasant castles
Be crumbled into dust;
And this, because they doubted
Who should have given trust.
Ah well do I remember,

You had a darkened sky;
My angel of good blessing,
 Appeared to pass you by.
The wreck of your ambitions
 It needeth not to tell;
For all the doleful story
 Your sad heart knows too well.

Ethelbert.

Those words "*because they doubted*
Who should have given trust!"
O doubt, that quenches morning!
 O doubt, to gold the rust!
Was ever soul in sadness
 But through another's doubt?
Was ever soul defeated,
 Suspicion caused the rout!

Horatius.

Not winning in your wooing
 Nor famous for your pen,

You still kept faith in heaven,
Though losing faith in men ;
And still lived ever noble,
Or was it day, or dark,
Your god appeased or frowning,
A raven or a lark,
Your bird ; and now, slow starving
For joys of love, yet strong ;
Sad, almost unto dying,
Yet, patient under wrong !

Ethelbert.

Fit praises thine for heroes ;
Too high for men like me,
My heart must still accept them
For their sincerity.
And thanking thee for giving
The trust I needed long
From others than Horatius,
I ask of him a song ;
His own sweet, soul-felt, singing,

To keep the hope alive,
Which he, in tune with nature,
Has made again revive.

Horatius.

The sweetest songsters carol,
Among these Berkshire hills,
In harmony with music
Arising from the rills
That flow with silvery murmur,
In melody along,
And charm as if in heaven
They learned the art of song,
And were by Him empowered
Who formed the starry spheres
And guides their rhythmic motion
Through all the circling years.

Bright brooks ! they came from heaven,
To teach the tuneful art,
And woo men from their sorrows

And from their cares apart;
To teach them high behavior,
And gentle ways and true,
Inspiring them with courage
To fight life's battles through;
The while, through all the harshness
That gives to earth its ban,
They live attuned for living
Where harmony began.

There other brooks, in chorus
With other birds, shall sing,
To tell the power and goodness
Of the Eternal King;
And welcome home the singers
From dissonance of time
To melodies of heaven
And zephyrs of the clime,
Where, with the golden city,
Shall be the pleasant field;
The tree of life forever
Its healthful fruitage yield;

The hillside and the forest,
And rocky glen, be there,
And highest angel escort
Delight to give their care
To those who come to study,
In leisure of that land,
The features of the country
Which sin has never banned.
May one among the number
Be you who love the rills
That carol like the songsters
Among these restful hills.

When rivulets with singing
Have cheered Ethelbert's heart
May angel guide attend him,
That, when he hence depart,
He journey to the eastward,
To hills that poet sung
The grandeur of whose numbers
Honors our English tongue.
Inhaling rarest zephyrs

To make the spirit strong;
With feet in tune with cadence
Of Bryant's noble song,

Which thou shalt hear repeated
By tuneful brooks and birds,
As if the bard walked with thee,
To speak his own grand words,
Ascend the heights o'erlooking
The homes of Cummington,
Ensconced below the hill-side
Where Bryant's life begun.
When thou hast done due worship
Ascend still other height,
And vale of rarest beauty
Shall meet thy raptured sight!

There sweet a shining river
Flows singing to the sea,
And purls with charming cadence
Where smiling landscapes be,
Gemmed bright with pleasant mansions,

In form and look that seem
The counterpart of castles
That fill youth's brightest dream.
There, sentineled by mountains,
The vale its verdure spreads,
When, cheering after winter,
The May sun radiance sheds ;

And orange, flame and crimson,
And wealth of dun and gold
The hardy mountain beeches
And valley maples hold,
When frost and autumn sunshine
Their chemistry have done,
In glorious competition
Of work the spring begun ;
And there, within that valley,
In other days, a scene
That fills with choicest fragrance
The years that intervene.

That lovely scene shall ever
The river, glade, and glen

Invest with charms of romance,
And witness unto men
The bravery of a maiden,
Who so could say "forgive,"
That one whom she deserted
Bade the repentant live,
And be his inspiration,
A consort and a mate;
A token that kind heaven
Would help him conquer fate.

And ne'er did lordly courtier,
The bravest and the best,
On love's ennobling errand,
From royal halls, in quest
Of one to match the visions
With which the gods inspire,
Who with celestial courage
The manly bosom fire,
To do the grandest wooing,
Find such transcendent worth
As crowns the name of Lillian
The brightest of the earth!

Thy loveliness, sweet valley,
Which Metawampe guards,
Hath now especial meaning
Above the song of bards.
Dear vale! whose faithful maiden
Rebelled against her kin,
Until they bade him welcome
Who sought her heart to win
That maiden's ways heroic
Have made the sunrise shore
Of thy majestic river
Inspiring evermore ;

The fairy-land where angels
Attend when lovers wait
And aid the thoughts surpassing
All else however great;
While happy faces, mirrored,
Reflect the thoughts of love
Aglow upon the features
Of each glad face, above
The kindly waters, reading,

In limpid river blue,
That each heart loves the other,
And will for life be true.

Land of the sweet romances !
Therein, the legends say,
Bright ministrants of heaven,
On silver nights of May,
Expectant in an arbor,
Wait with the words that save
From cowardice the lover
And make the maiden brave ;
And when the pledge is spoken
To crown love's high emprise,
They soar from Metawampe,
To tell the waiting skies !

In honor of the maiden
Who, quenching one heart's hell,
For two hearts made earth, heaven,
The scene he bids me tell
I sing, to cheer Ethelbert,

To whom a fate unkind,
Anent the noble passion;
And if Ethelbert find
The scene at Metawampe
To him good omen brings,
Thrice happy his companion
Of Metawampe sings :

While cheering light
Of morning bright
O'er eastern height is glowing,

And choicest flowers
In any bowers
Or any landscape growing,

Their sweets exhale,
To fill the gale
Soft on the valley blowing,

Thou sweetest bird
Mine ears have heard,
Whose liquid music, flowing,

Hath magic charms
To still alarms,
The sweetest peace bestowing,

On fleetest wing
Fly thou, and sing,
To cheer a brave heart bearing

A load of grief
Beyond belief,
Beyond an angel's daring;

Though worn and faint,
Giving no plaint,
But brave on life's road faring;

Through griefs, discreet,
With spirit sweet,
Well worth an angel's sharing.

Sing, bird of cheer!
So he shall hear
Above earth's loudest blaring;

And sing again
To cheer him, when
Noon's fervid heats are burning;

Assure him well
That thou wilt tell,
Ere next the noon's returning,

In thy best tune,
That some sweet boon
Shall soothe the plaintive yearning

Of his sad heart,
As he, the art
Of grand endurance learning,

Seeks only joy
Which doth not cloy,
All vain enjoyment spurning.

Then, sweetest bird
Mine ears have heard,
When sunset's wealth is streaming,

In western skies,
To glad the eyes
And set the spirit dreaming

Of Ind of old
Or towers of gold
With heavenly splendors beaming,

Sing once again,
And tell him when,
Thy pledge in truth redeeming,

Thou bringest joy,
It shall not cloy
Nor be less than its seeming !

The world to bless
With his success,
By grand impulses driven,

Leon to art
His head and heart,
Through toilsome years, had given;

To win a name
And merit fame,
Most manfully had striven;

Not thought of ease,
Nor wish to please,
From purpose firm unnerving;

And painted well
Both flood and fell,
A high reward deserving.

But Fashion bold,
By threats and gold,
The coward critics swerving,

They named him cheap,
And much and deep
They planned to shame and grieve him.

And Fashion's queen,
High in her spleen,
Induced that one to leave him

Who vowed, by skies
And stars, to prize
And never to deceive him.

For fiat dread
By Fashion said
Receives a quick obeying,

Though Fashion ask
Laborious task,
Or even ask the slaying

Of sweetest dove
The God of love
E'er sent to earth, conveying

A message down,
With joy to crown
Two hearts their pledges saying.

To whim accursed,
By mother nursed,
Who hoped her Lillian mating

With one of fame
Who had, with name,
The wealth for finest fêting;

The wealth to blaze
Through golden days
To her own fullest sating,—

To whim accursed
By mother nursed
Who managed the alliance,

Fair Lillian said
She would not wed
But disregard affiance,

From Leon turn,
Who soon would learn,
Her own act scarce regretting,

In other face
His hope to trace,
His first love soon forgetting.

This noble girl,
For Fashion's whirl
By mother false intended,

In traits and lore
Resembled more
The father long ascended.

And when she died
Who thus belied,
The motherless, though weeping,

Found still a voice
That could rejoice
In freedom from that keeping.

Love's longing then,
And inner ken
Was quickened to discerning

What great mistake
The heart must make
When from its true mate turning.

Her guardian kin
Vowed it "high sin
That Lillian should love him.

"Wretch, who pretends!
For we, her friends,
Are socially above him!"

Grew Lillian brave;
No longer slave
To Fashion's bold commanding,

She valued worth
More than high birth
And more than social standing.

One saddened year
She rambled here,
And homeward when returning

She dared to say,
“Their cruel sway
Henceforward firmly spurning,

“Some day I'll wed
Him whom I said,
In answer to his pleading,

“From me should go.
Ah day of woe!
When I, in that false leading

“Subservient kept,
As Leon wept,
Could crush his heart to bleeding!”

The morn returns
And kindly burns,
Its silver splendors playing

On eastern hills,
Whence happy rills,
The river's call obeying,

Flowed singing sweet,
In vale to greet,
When first the murk was graying,

One breaking rest,
To come in quest,
Ere children came for Maying,

Of choicest flowers,
In field and bowers
So sweet that angels straying

To earth, to ken
The ways of men,
Therein protract their staying.

The bloom to get,
And hoping, yet,
Angels, this morning, tarry,

She comes to pray
They right words say,
That she the words may carry.

When she shall go,
E're noontide glow,
To cheer a heart so chary

She must be brave
Who thinks to save,
And gentle as a fairy,

With right address,
Who seeks to bless
The one from griefs so wary

He would suspect,
In friend direct,
A foe, and quickly parry

Faith's very deed
His heart should need
To lift him from his grieving

At words she sent
And would repent,
With tears and full retrieving.

Thus she relates ;
In arbor waits
Angelic one, receiving,

Through perfumed air,
Her earnest prayer,
And then, a message leaving,

Toward the skies
Doth grandly rise,
His way with bright wing cleaving.

The angel flown;
And when alone,
The flowers with laurel twining,

Their truth to tell,
Doth Lillian dwell
Glad on his words, designing

Those words to heed,
When she shall read,
Their truth in full divining.

And, dulcet one,
At yester sun,
Whom I heard joyful flinging

Thy carols high,
From earth to sky,
As welcome message bringing,

Fly speeding back
Thine azure track
To him whose grief is clinging,

A bird austere,
Raven of fear,—
But it shall flee thy singing.

Bird of sweet song,
Fly swift along,
And fly with bravest winging

Of bird whose word
Might be inferred
Would set these bright hours ringing !

As breaks the day,
Bird, speed away,
And herald her whose cheering

His heart shall reach,
And winsome teach,
And aid to cease his fearing.

Now to his eyes
What glad surprise !
Is angel form appearing ?

Doth most it seem
Or true or dream ?
A maiden bravely nearing !

And her whose doubt
Had cast him out,
What time the critics, sneering,

Increased the need
Of kindly deed
And brave words, and endearing!

And doth she bow?
Denouement now!
Though tremulous with feeling

She hath no song,
Till for her wrong,
Her sad heart full revealing,

Before the man
Whom she gave ban,
She bows in humblest kneeling,

Pouring her tears,
Pale with her fears
And most sincerely praying:

“For wrong to thee
Wilt pardon me,
Who merit but thy saying

“ I haste away?
If that thou say,
Mine be the sad obeying.”

And Leon, now:
“ That some should vow
And plot their worst to hurt me,

“ It was not strange;
But that thou change
And cruelly desert me,—

“ The cup of woe!
It saddened so
As almost to convert me

“ From buoyant mind,
To faith inclined,
To doubt’s extremest madness;

“ That who decreed
My art should lead
To grandest heights of gladness

“Thy happy heart,
Should act the part
To fill my heart with sadness,—

“Ah! bitter fate!
Most sad estate!
But I have seen thy sorrow.

“Thou askest me
To pardon thee,
Nor future moments borrow;

“But sayest condign,
If I incline
To wait till some to-morrow.

“The time is now
While thou dost bow;
And here, this hand extending,

“I bid thee rise
And see the skies
Benign above us bending.

“Their peaceful blue,
With golden hue
Of early sunbeams blending,

“And pleasant breeze
In budding trees
Yon happy hills adorning;

“And waterfall,
And bird, and all
The melody of morning,

“Bid thy hope live,
When thou dost give
Thy worship for thy scorning!”

Brave in her tears,
Brave through her fears,
And brave when came his blessing;

Before him brave
Who pardon gave
Full as her grand confessing,

Doth Lillian true
Give honor due,
Brave Leon thus addressing:

“Thou truest man
Since time began,
And truest of the living,

“My joy how great,
When fit thy hate,
I have thy full forgiving!”

No need to dwell
And frigid tell
Of every day he missed her,

Since morning gray
Of that sad day,
The last day that he kissed her.

One word to say,
Her bravest way
With love his spirit firing.

That one word “Come!”
With him at home,
This is her song inspiring;

“Supremest bliss!
From thee a kiss—
Thy love with my relenting!

“Safe in thy arms,
Thy soul’s high charms
To pay for my repenting!

“Wilt thou my lead
Across the mead,
To bower yon pleasant glade in,

“That I may tell,
In that dear dell,
The message first essayed in

“The charming place
“Where heaven gave grace,
When earnest I had prayed in

“The happy bower
Of winged power,
The bower the angel stayed in

“Who spoke the words
That sing like birds,
To cheer the heart of maiden,

“Who leadeth there,
With tender care,
Leon with laurel laden?”

For him but shame,
Whate'er his name,
Whose dark soul must discover

A snake beneath
The maiden's wreath
Wherewith she crowns her lover!

Her tender talk
On that sweet walk
O'er which the angels hover,

Words from a heart
From sin apart
As white-robed hosts above her,—

Who evil sees
In joys like these,
And pours his righteous spurning,—

Who thinks a knave,
Or foolish slave,
The suitor patient learning

Love's art, which few
Give study due,
And laughs at love's deep yearning,—

Count him near hell,
Where'er he dwell,
A hell within him burning!

The sweetest word
Earth ever heard,
How some delight to sneer it!

Sweet word of love !
From joys above
The angels come to hear it!

And poise in air,
With choicest care,
To hear the song, as near it

As doth behoove
Those come to prove
When others' vows endear it,

And heavenly grace
Illumes the face
As love from grief doth clear it,

And throbs the heart
As love's quick art
Rids of the doubts that sear it!

How grand the truth,
Love giveth youth
To him who knows its meaning!

To him the sands
Of desert lands,
With flowers and grasses greening,

Are fresh with gales
In which joy sails
Have happiest careening

On sparkling springs,
O'er which bright wings,
In happy host convening,

Pour gladdest song
The hours along,
Their music grandly swelling,

Minstrelsy sweet,
For heaven meet,
As birds a bliss were telling

Above the worth
Of joys of earth,
Their song the thought compelling,

Each songster's ear
Did anthem hear
Of those in Eden dwelling!

Ethelbert.

Exquisite song, Horatius,
Of joys I have not known;
The music of thy numbers
The sadness shall atone,
Or lessen it, and aid me
To wish, for others, bliss;
And if it make unselfish,
High worth in song like this.

Horatius.

Though none have heard
What angel word,
By Lillian's lips repeated,

To Leon gave
Power to be brave,
Nor saw the kisses meted

That told their love,
Thou bird above
The bower where they are seated

Dost sing to tell
How fit and well,
At Metawampe, greeted

The fair and strong ;
And 'twas thy song
That aided Leon's wooing,

And taught that best
Is bravest quest
In any kind of suing.

Soar not away,
But longer stay,
Thou bird of bravest winging ;

With roundelay
Still cheer the day,
Thou bird of sweetest singing.

Thy gentle eyes
Are fit to prize
The sacred ties
Declared by their caresses,—

Him wreath-entwined ;
Her head reclined,
As heaven designed,
Upon the heart she blesses ;

She gazing sweet
To eyes that greet
The orbs they meet
With richest lustre, beaming

From eyes of dove,
To speak his love
For her, above
All others, lovely seeming

To him addressed,
By her he blessed,
“As, noblest, best,
Beyond her fancy’s dreaming!”

My friend, 'tis worst
That ever burst
From lips accursed!

The lie by cowards stammered;
By fools, who prate,
Love is a fate
To enervate.

The man with soul enamored
Of soul worth, and attracting,
By his majestic acting
And equipoise,
One who employs
The high decoys
Of maiden’s choice designing,
Whose soul, his worth divining,
Attracts his soul, for twining
Love’s tendrils strong,—

To him belong,
Above my song,
Congratulations grandest.
And thou who understandest
Such joys, by not possessing
The unspeakable blessing
Of love's returned caressing;
Ethelbert, tell
Me thou wilt well,
Until life's close,
Endure thy woes!
That other ban
Of mortal man,
That fate the worst
That ever cursed
For cowardice in suing,
For treachery in wooing,
For any wrongful doing;
Or came to heart despairing
Of ever rightly pairing,
And wedding, so, uncaring;
That fate he wins
Whose heart begins

The married life unmated—
That thou art not thus fated,
Thou art congratulated.
Of all woes this life giveth,
His worst who wedded liveth
With one his worth unknowing,
Whose soul, nor grand nor growing,
Pretends, as such will, ever,
Each manliest, best endeavor
To think and live sublimely
A rash act and untimely,
The proof of cheap vanity,
Or sign of insanity!
Truth all too little rated,
'Tis hell to wed unmated!

But blest the man
Whom Lillian,
By angel plan,
Shall save from ban.

Ethelbert.

Thou speakest well, Horatius;
Wilt thou thy theme pursue?

And with the heavens to favor,
Thy comrade will live true.

Horatius.

With gentle hand,
In fairy-land,
To thoughts sublime she led him;

With grandest views,
And nectar dews,
And heavenly fruitage, fed him;

From field and sky
And mountain high
Inspiring lessons read him;

With tender art,
From her true heart,
A sincere promise said him;

Naming a day,
A month away,
A happy day to wed him—

A day that came
With sweetest flame
The Orient ever lighted,

To signalize
The golden ties
Of loving hearts united;

Day sweet with airs
That banished cares
And to high thoughts incited;

Day spanned with blue,
The whole day through,
As if all wrongs were righted,

And sang the lark
Till all birds dark
Had flown from earth affrighted!

At morning hour,
In Lillian's bower,
With chosen friends attending,

Two clasping hands,
To speak the bands
Their lives in union blending!

While hovering nigh,
From amber sky,
Are angel harpers waiting,

With high delight
In holy rite
In which two hearts are mating.

The service done,
The surpliced one
In fitting words addressed them;

Calm in his bliss
Leon gave kiss,
And kith and kindred blessed them;

While brooks kept tune
With birds of June,
Mid apple blossoms seated,

And birds from perch
Of beech and birch
The lovely Lillian greeted,

And rose acclaim
To Leon's name,
At Metawampe meted,

By every voice
That could rejoice ;
And flowers the choicest growing,

The twain to greet,
Sent odors sweet
By every zephyr blowing.

Ethelbert.

Ennobling, still, the anguish
That must be mine when told,
Wherein, for me were ashes,
Others found shining gold.

Horatius.

Twelve months, the morn
A child is born,
The gods to earth consigning

A lovely boy,
Sweet pledge of joy,
The graces well combining

Of him who heard
The singing bird,
And her love's wreath entwining.

Benign their sky,
As years go by,
Each marked with heaven's blessing,

And dawns the day,
Sweet in the May,
When angels come confessing,

To parents blessed
With baby guest,
That angel, in caressing

Her cherry lips,
The nectar sips
Finer than that provided,

From sweetest flowers
Of heaven's bowers,
For gods when they decided

The questions great
In human fate,
By Jove to them confided.

Their love kept new,
For each soul grew,
And each the other aided

Right things to know,
To help each grow,
And love's rose never faded.

Each soul, each hour,
Increased in power,
Each by the other's doing,

And each by own
In grace was grown ;
Their love each day renewing,

Because, each day,
Each soul could say,
My soul's mate still is growing,

My soul to prove
With noblest love,
Affection worth bestowing.

Ethelbert.

What words are thine, Horatius:

*"Their love kept new,
For each soul grew,
And each the other aided*

*"Right things to know,
To help each grow,
And love's rose never faded!"*

Horatius.

Their honeymoon
Did not end soon,—
In truth it never ended.

By Lillian traced
With finest taste,
In love's own picture blended,

As Leon's due,
Her soul's rich hue,
To bless the man she mated;

To whom there came
Abundant fame,
And he, as artist fêted,

Still painted well •
Both flood and fell,
Nor heeded critics serving

Their lavish praise ;
Their proffered bays,
Nor aiding nor unnerving,

Reminded yet
Of venomed threat,
The fullest scorn deserving.

Their biting sneers
Of other years,
With present praise, neglecting,

With verve and heart
He plied his art ;
Some heavenly guide directing

His paintings made
Of highest grade ;
And for the full perfecting

Of noblest one
His hand begun,
He came, the canvas bringing,

From distant town ;
And where came down
The angel, and the singing

Of sweetest bird
He ever heard,
To aid him, still seemed ringing

From every bird
That now he heard
Their happy carols flinging,

Made it complete,
In arbor sweet,
Where pleasant sunbeams strayed in,

And glinted round
The grassy ground
Of bower two children played in :

While happy there,
In sweet May air,
The mother, erst the maiden,

Recalled the day
She came to pray
In bower the angels stayed in.

Then choicest flowers
From field and bowers,
The advent there divining,

Fair maidens bring,
And sweetly sing,
On Lillian's brow entwining

Arbutus bloom
With rare perfume,
The best of heaven's designing.

Sweet breath of praise
To God for rays
From solar fountain shining !

Yet speaks it more
Of scene of yore
Whose influence, refining,

Shall teach to know
High meanings glow
On shore and shining river;

Shall teach to read
That wave and mead
Reflect the Heavenly Giver,

Whose lovely earth
Hath greater worth
Than that it seems possessing;

A hidden good,
Well understood
By thoughtful minds, and blessing

Who would discern,
With power to learn,
The truths their souls addressing

In all things made,
Of every grade;
From spray of tiny fountain

To surging sea;
From wind-swayed tree
To storm-defying mountain !

Ethelbert.

The truth in thy sweet singing
I love to hear thee tell.
The present of thy heroes ?
Thou must have known them well.

Horatius.

A year to stray,
Embark to-day
The two so nobly mated.

Kind be the gale
That fills the sail
Of ship so grandly freighted.

Zephyr that fanned
The fairy-land
Where Leon won his blessing;

Benignant breeze,
Seek thou the seas,
The good ship caressing

That it behave
Faithfully brave,
The roughest waves defeating;

Avoiding rocks,
And through the shocks
Of storms in safety fleeting.

—
And breeze the best
That ever blest
A wanderer returning,

In safety waft
Whatever craft
Keeps time with Leon's yearning

To see once more
His native shore
And hear the carols ringing

Of sweeter bird
Than all he heard
In foreign countries singing !

Ethelbert.

Delightful and inspiring,
Shall linger with me long
The scene at Metawampe,
Depicted in your song ;
A solace and a study,
And influence as well,
To keep the feet from straying
And to right acts impel ;
Significant and lovely
As beams of morning are ;
An oasis in life's desert ;
In darkest night, a star,

To guide and cheer Ethelbert,
Who speaks his thanks to thee.
And that the scene you sung him
An omen prove to be,

There dawns a hope within him ;
Though he cannot behold
The good, the skies, to honor
The story thou hast told,
Will send, to prove the saying,
*"The dawn succeeds the night,
If thorns, likewise the roses,
And after wrong the right!"*

Horatius.

Your thankfulness is cheering ;
And 'tis high joy to sing,
The more, if unto others,
The song a solace bring.
The sentiment pervading
The Metawampe theme,
To some, would seen a vision,
And idle as a dream ;
Yet I delight to keep it
To cheer me, and inspire ;
To give my inner being
Its light, and food, and fire !

[Horatius and Ethelbert rising and looking across the landscape, the former resumes speaking.]

But who are those equestrians
Who sweep along the plain,
In easy undulation,
Like billows of the main ?
One seems a kingly escort,
And queenly one who rides ;
I wonder what, Ethelbert,
Their coursing there betides !
Ethelbert, they approach us !
Can I believe my eyes ?
My heroes gone to Europe,
Give us a fine surprise.

[The equestrians approach and dismount.]

Horatius.

Ethelbert; Leon, Lillian.

Lillian, sotto voce.

Ethelbert! that the name?

Horatius.

I thought you o'er the ocean;
But, glad to see you here,

I ask you, know my welcome
Is hearty and sincere?

Leon.

Our European ramble,
Postponed until the sun
His grand autumnal solstice
In triumph has begun,
We came, of course, to Berkshire,
To spend the summer days,
And study much on horseback,
Or coach along the ways.
An hour ago we neared you,
Within this lovely grove;
A moment heard you singing,
And toward yon mountain drove.

Horatius.

May I inquire the meaning
Of Lillian's knowing look;
Why of the name Ethelbert
She special notice took?

Leon.

Well mayst thou ask, Horatius;
And strange as romance seems
Our meeting here in Berkshire,—
Dramatic as our dreams!
And Lillian could tell thee,
'Though modest of her deeds,
Why, in this unplanned meeting,
Her eye such meaning reads.

Lillian.

The heavenly light from God's high throne
Will answer all true praying,
And tell us when, and with what care,
The needed good conveying,

We go with ever ready hand;
And if at once obeying
The inner voice, we save from sin
Who else had gone far straying,

Our act shall bring us grandest joy,
Above all song or story;

And better fame than heroes win
On fields of martial glory!

One morn I sought for special aid
And heavenly direction,
If spoiler try his power to wreak,
That I give prompt protection.

That day I met one lured astray,
Who seemed by hope forsaken;
Yet firm against the tempter's wiles,
With not a stray step taken.

God helped me say, "My friend, let not
Thy heart's pure blossom perish!"
And memories of that hour until
Life's latest day I'll cherish;

So bright its lustre glows at thought
That faithfully I heeded
The voice that heaven gave within,
And spoke the message needed.

A quick, glad cry, she seized my hand,
And then, o'ercome, she fainted.

The tempter fled; and then her voice,—
“A maiden still untainted

“Thanks her who saved from lasting shame
The one who here confesses
Her greatest fault, remembered long,
Of scorning his addresses,

“Who thought her more than all caressed
By all the airs of morning;
Then proudly she his suit denied,
And greeted with cool scorning,

“His humble prayer, that such as he,
When weary years of waiting
Had proven him, might then renew
His suit, with hope of mating.

“Tears of remorse these torrid years,
And then so near descending
The slimy depths where woman weeps
In shame that has no ending!

“Oh, thou, the best of womankind,
May woman worst present thee
Her trembling thanks, and ask thee lift
To Heaven, that must have sent thee,

“These tear-burned eyes—to God’s clear blue,
In praise for fate averted?
But may I hope? will God forgive
Her sin who thus deserted

“The noblest one since time began,
And gave the coolest spurning
To his sweet words, that sang like larks,
And now, to ravens turning,

“With fiery beaks, in fiercest ire,
Are in my spirit burning?
What sequel sad of broken vows
This desert heart is learning!”

And gazing sad, with tear-dimmed ken,
On portrait held above her,
She said, “I print one burning kiss,—
Ah, my deserted lover!

"My wrong to him has brought the grief
Of which Ethelbert warned me !
If still on earth, wilt thou forgive,
Ethelbert, her who scorned thee ? "

[Ethelbert, who has listened with riveted attention, sinks,
overcome with emotion.]

Estelle!—Horatius, hither!
Is this some fleeting dream?

Lillian, softly.

He speaks her name ; how strange all this !
'Tis God's own wisdom orders ;
And we of earth seem coming near
To heaven's very borders.

Still lives Estelle, and he forgives
For all those years of sorrow ;
A thrilling scene perchance there'll be,
When Orient brings the morrow;

Or we may hear, to-day, the vow
Among the Berkshire mountains,

Excelling song of bards and birds
And sweeter than the fountains !

[Horatius, taking Ethelbert's hand.]

Companion of my boyhood !

Ethelbert, rising.

Tell me, before high heaven,
If still on earth there lives
The one of whom brave Lillian
Her glowing picture gives;
And, if she live, speak gently,
That still remains on earth,
Ethelbert, still her lover,
To whom as nothing worth
Seems all the happy summer,
Nor aught the joyous spring,
Which doth not to Ethelbert
Her radiant presence bring.

Lillian.

Her home with us, her grief she tells
To none but those who love her;

In word and deed she lives discreet
As God's own sky above her.

She came with us, but keeps her name
From all in Berkshire dwelling;
With thee restored, she may forgive
What I, to thee, am telling!

[Addressing Leon.]

Is that her voice? my Leon bring
Thy lens, that thou descry her;
For oft she strolls alone and sings,
Where no one can espy her.

Leon thy steed, and mine for her,
Thou who wast ever knightly,
Will act with care, and gently tell
The grand denouement rightly.

Ethelbert,

[As Horatius and Estelle approach.]

My own Estelle, forever!
Ye birds your noblest song;

And sweetest brooks of Berkshire,
The joyous strain prolong !

Estelle.

Ethelbert ! !

Ethelbert.

Estelle ! !

[After the greeting of the reunited lovers, Ethelbert addresses Horatius.]

Horatius, thy prediction,
“*The dawn succeeds the night ;*
If thorns, likewise the roses,
And after wrong the right !”

Horatius.

I cannot sing, Ethelbert,
As high as you deserve,
Who, through the fiercest trials,
Displayed such royal nerve ;
And, in these sudden blisses,
Manly thine uncontrol ;

While, through your features shining,
The lustre of your soul,
Wins all my admiration,
My highest fancy fills,
And charms more than the music
Arising from the rills,

Among the Berkshire mountains
That murmur sweet along,
And sing as if in heaven
They learned the art of song,
And were by Him commissioned
Who made for service high,
And perfected in singing,
The minstrels of the sky;
By Him who spoke to being,
Sweeter to sing than rills,
My friend who loves to hear them,
Among these Berkshire hills.

Each one the other loving
With fervency of heart,
Each glowed to find the other

Rapt o'er the rhythmic art;
But when we came to try it,
 You sang so much the best,
I thought it would be fitting
 That my poor harp should rest.
And yet my verse found favor,
 And yours was scornful thrown,
As stuff for which no merit
 Could afterward atone !

Sadly you tore the parchment,
 When here the hills among,
To leave no proof to mortals
 That you had ever sung.

[Lillian, motioning Horatius aside, speaks to him ; after
which he returns and addresses Ethelbert.]

Revealing on revealing !
 Excelling all our song,
And Lillian has told me,
 As he is brave and strong,
That I inform my comrade,
 Above the angel's word,

A maiden in an arbor
At Metawampe heard—
Was sentiment of stanza,
Upon a torn page read,
Discovered when she rambled,
Where intuition led,

From Metawampe, hither,
Among the Berkshire hills;
And here she found the singing
Which all this romance fills,
With most inspiring sweetness.

And here how grandly fit
That she repeat the stanza,
In your own tracing writ.
She bade me give the paper
To him who wrote the verse;
And now we ask that Lillian
The lucid lines rehearse.

Lillian.

*“Reduce to fact your fancy;
Nor tarry till you do*

*Make real the ideal
That God has given you."*

Horatius.

How strange the revelation !
What mortal would have kenned
Such wealth of good resulting
From verse by mortal penned ?
An artist's fame and fortune,
Domestic bliss complete,—
Two lives of highest beauty
With usefulness replete !
And here, perchance, Ethelbert
Will other lines rehearse,
To match those loved by Lillian,
As beautiful and terse.

Ethelbert.

Most real the ideal,
Least fact what most call fact ;
And, of ideal, most real,
Ideal in an act.

[Solicited by Lillian, Ethelbert continues.]

When some kind voice tells thee plainly
 Of new building for thine hand;
And thou findest hindrance mainly
 In the strangeness of command

Calling thee from routine labor
 In the wonted, humble, sphere,
And thou fear'st from foe or neighbor
 An unkind or jealous sneer;

Do not for such hindrance smother
 That sweet voice that speaks within;
Thou mayst find the foe turn brother,
 If thou manfully begin,

And continue bravely doing,
 Work the angel bids thee do;
And, each day the work renewing,
 Thou shalt find it ever new.

It shall charm like high romances,
 Gemming legends of old days;

And, beyond thy farthest fancies,
O'er wide plains, by untrod ways,

Paths unknown to other leaders,
Angel guide shall lead thee surè,
For the gold and goodly cedars
Which shall evermore endure,

In the towers of consummation
That shall mark thy work complete,
And attest the world's laudation
Which thy shrinking ears shall greet.

Fear not but for all these praises
That Good Power shall well prepare,
Who hath life in all its phases
Under His benignant care;

For, by thorns and frequent crosses,
Which thy heart shall fully test,
Sad reverses and sore losses,
If His wisdom thinketh best;

To true meekness He will hold thee,
Still commanding thee, be brave,
And obey injunctions told thee
By the angel that He gave.

And this angel shall sustain thee,
Be the work or long or hard;
And the future shall explain thee,
All that did thy work retard

Was designed to bid thee stronger
Make the building of thine hand,
Which, than time's duration longer,
Through eternity, shall stand.

Follow thine intuitions,
They always lead thee right;
In all of thine ambitions,
Heed thou the inner sight.

Whatever to that vision
Seems duty for thee, do;

No matter what derision
The doing leads thee through.

And derision it will bring thee,
Ere men shall understand,
And their tardy praises sing thee
Whom they had gladly banned;

They who would joy to shame thee
And chill thy heart with fright,
Did not thy grit proclaim thee
Superior to their might.

Brave one, thine intuitions
Shall always lead thee right;
In all of thine ambitions
Heed thou the inner sight!

Directed by that vision
Thy duty bravely do;
The glow from thy decision
Shall light and lead thee through.

Whatever the monitions
Thou hear'st within thee, heed;
That thou to have contritions
May never know the need.

The Father is forgiving,
If thou repentest sin;
Yet most He loves that living
Which hath no falseness in.

Wanting fulcrum, wanting lever,
Given heavy weight to lift;
Strong in faith, begin endeavor,
There shall come to thee, the gift

Of a heaven-designed appliance,
By which thou shalt mountains move;
While beside thee, in alliance,
There shall angels wait to prove,

On more hindrances before thee,
All their own celestial might;

And shall beam, benignant o'er thee,
God's own sky of love and light!

Leon.

Be these bright words our motto;
And now, if Lillian please,
To mark events resulting
From sentiments like these;
Will she, where lovely maples
Delight our lodge with shade,
Prepare a feast as royal
As one for sovereigns made?
For wine thou hast no liking,—
And who would wish for wine,
What other drink were given,
If poured by hand of thine?

And, at that feast, Horatius,
Perchance, will give a song,
Announcing in sweet numbers
That Love enduring long

The trials of his patience,
Doth added bliss receive
For every cold refusal
That made his spirit grieve,—
A song to date a wedding
When fine October sun
Shall speak the season fitting
That lovers be made one.

And if at Metawampe
Our friends shall wish to wed,
Will Lillian deck the arbor
Where intuition led
When erst she sought an angel,
And where his hope begun,
Who, but for her relenting,
Had ever been undone?
Thou, Lillian, my consort,
Though years have made me gray,
And thou hast locks of silver,
Thou art, as on that day,

My joy, my inspiration ;
As beautiful as beams
That gild the hours of morning
Or sparkle in our dreams ;
As young as at that meeting
When thou didst say, “forgive ; ”
And I, for thy relenting,
Could bid thy hope revive ;
The hour when smiling heaven
Gave token in thy kiss,
Initial fit, and foretaste,
Of these bright years of bliss !

And with the words uniting
Their hearts in golden bands,
Shall they, as our companions,
Embark for foreign lands ;
To thread the glens of Scotland,
And climb the Alpine height ;
To linger in the castles
That rose by feudal might ;

To pluck delicious clusters
From vine-clad hills of France;
And muse where classic ages
The interest enhance

In Italy's rich landscape,
And her delightful skies;
And then, returning hither,
Find much to love and prize
In this good land, where nature
And liberty unite,
To furnish those devoted
To freedom and the right
Fit home, with room for growing
In all that makes men great,
And elevates a people,
And unifies a state.

[Lillian and Ethelbert depart on horseback to the lodge, and Leon addresses Estelle, who tarries with Horatius.]

Truth worth the telling, such as poet true
Doth sing, is only found by patient search
In realm beyond the bounds of earthliness,

Accessible to him alone, whose heart,
Of selfishness divest, and well refined,
Can be that brave it must, to study close
As will to him reveal truth's treasures, hid
Therein, and evermore, to selfish ones,
E'en were they, unregenerate, permit
That realm to range. Fell foe is selfishness,
To bard, permitting him no bravery
To journey to that realm he seeks afar,
And quenching insight clear that sees the truth;
And that dread enemy, once slain,
Often revives again to vex; and he
With grandest powers of song, may have within
An equal enemy, and know it not.
How happy he, if faithful friend shall see,
And of that foe, to his convincing, tell.
And fortunate, beyond compare, to him,
If woman is that friend, whose love for him,
Enlightens her to see how strong that foe,
And aids her in the discipline upon
His heart which shall the enemy expel;
And aids that, then, with tears sincere, she beg
To bow before the man she loves; and he,

Protesting 'tis high privilege to him
That she beside him sit, shall gratefully
Admit he is her debtor evermore,
For discipline severe which all his worst
Self conquered, that his best might live and sing !
Estelle, possessor of that poet's heart
And soul, whose coinage and whose breathing was
The sentiment, in living which high truth
Did Lillian all doubt and selfishness
Expel my heart; inspire with bravery,
And teach me patience with myself, that sought,
In practice of his art, the tracery to do
The artist's work, that gave my heart its joy
And brought me all my wealth of fame and friends!—
Thou, wise and good, what words of mine, to thee
Shall tell the deep solicitude that thou,
By love assigned to keep his heart, and thence
To drive his enemy, that thou shalt see
This work is thine to do ! What words shall tell
The joy that springs from full belief that thou
Wilt thus interpret meaning grand of these
Events, and well thy work will comprehend ;
And for that mission high, Ethelbert wed !

Estelle.

Thou speakest, Leon, as from heaven, the words
That I shall prize, and evermore shall heed !
Shed, sweetest skies, your loveliness divine,
To temper well this heart ! and Spirit, Thou,
In Heaven, regnant high, yet noting all
Thy children's cries; to me all meekness give,
And courage, that I well endure upon
My bleeding heart, the blows thou biddest that
My hand inflict, a better, truer man
To make that one I love as life itself !

Leon.

Right nobly done, thy sentiment ! and now
The language, high, thy lover penned long years
Ago, and words my heart in faith adopts :

“ *Reduce to fact your fancy ;*
Nor tarry till you do
Make real the ideal
That God has given you.”

And thus, Ethelbert, blessed, refined, inspired
By thee, and growing by his work, shall learn,

And all who shall his song admire will read,
In their own bettered lives his song has blessed,—
Still further sequel, grand, of truth he sung
In verse the critics, cursing, thought to kill !

[Leon and Horatius start for the lodge, leaving Estelle to follow with Ethelbert who has returned and addresses her]

Estelle, thy steed awaits thee,
Eager to own thy rein
And amble, at thy bidding,
Like zephyr o'er the plain;
Beyond the Housatonic,
To glens among the hills,
Where sparkle silver cascades
And sing the happy rills,
And where the lodge of Leon
Affords an ample view
Of scene, where, now, two lovers
Pray heaven to keep them true !

[Estelle, with Ethelbert as escort, leaves the grove.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

“WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY.”

A BOVE the grandeur of sunsets
Which delight this earthly clime,
And the brightest of the dawnings
Breaking o'er the hills of time,
Is the richness of the radiance
Of the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done ;

With the deep, mysterious problem
Of their earthly life made plain ;
All the bitter turned to sweetness,
All the losses turned to gain ;
And the new life's heavenly rapture
Far exceeding griefs of this ;
Earth's hard toiling all forgotten
In the restfulness of bliss !

And the music of their welcome,
From angelic lyres of gold,
Shall full often be repeated,
Yet it never shall grow old ;
Music grander than earth's noblest,
Than all eloquence of words,
And the sweetest of carols
Of the gladdest of the birds !

“BRIGHT ON YOUR NATIVE HILLS.”

BRIGHT on your native hills
The sun benignant beams,
Perennial down the pleasant slopes
Still sing the happy streams,
Which feed yon river's tide that flows
In beauty through the vale ;
Transparent, purling brooks
Which sing of springs that never fail ;
And grand the mountains stand, as erst,

When there your kindred dwelt,
And fresh the mountain winds as airs
Their fields and forests felt.

And ye remain to keep their homes,
And guard the noble name
Earned by their share of those grand deeds
That give New England fame.
Shines their example, still, as bright
As beams the golden sun;
Flows still their influence as pure
As mountain waters run.
So cherish ye the fame they gained,
And emulate their worth,
Your names, when ye are gone, shall live,
Perennial in the earth!

“SHE PLACED THE BITTER-SWEET.”

(In remembrance of a noble family.)

TO girlhood's home returning,
She placed the bitter-sweet
Within the grand old mansion,
Where sunbeams shadows meet;

And there declared: “Henceforward
Be kindness all my theme;
With constant hand dispensing,
The moments to redeem;

“Teaching, if I have suffered,
I would the world be blest;
Praying, if I have struggled,
The weary have good rest.

“I thank Thee, Heavenly Father—
My name Thou hast kept sweet,
And through these bitter trials,
Hast kept my ways discreet.”

The silver tresses mingling
Her raven locks among
Mean more than years; they index
Her heart's own sorrows wrung;

Of which, most like, she tells not,
So reticent of grief;
As most like she hath suffered
Too deeply for belief,

Beyond that first revealing
She speaks not of her lot;
Hoping her many sorrows
By earth be all forgot!

To girlhood's home returning,
She placed the bitter-sweet
Within the grand old mansion,
Where sunbeams' shadows meet!

ALWAYS WITH THEE.

IN sunny days of childhood playing,
When life was all one scene of Maying,
And thou hadst not a thought of staying,
God blessed thee then.

Forgiving all thy youthful sinning,
He helped thee to a manly winning
Good triumphs o'er a bad beginning,
And helps thee still,

That, in the strife which ceaseth never,
Demanding watch and warring ever,
Thou do, by manliest endeavor,
The victor be.

THROUGH GRIEF.

O GIVEN by fiends the gall to drink,
And sweeter grown for all they send;
A kind and watchful Providence
Will soon proclaim the ordeal's end;
Yet call thee not from earth above,
But ask thee, wearied one, take rest;
And that thy restless eyes may close,
Command that, from the roseate west,
Angels reposeful influence sweet
Pour forth, to give thy spirit calm,
And others send, on zephyrs borne,
To soothe thy troubled heart with balm.

Angelic ones shall sentinel
Thy rest, and fragrance waft, till day,
Shall brightly break and bid thee, glad,
Thy grateful orisons to pay;
Refreshed, inhale the ambrosial air
And walk beneath a happy sky,

Inspired, by carol of the birds
And songs of brooks that murmur by,
With faith that heaven will bless thy days,
Each westering sun bring peaceful sleep,
And every morn new evidence
That angels tender watch-care keep!

Heroic sufferer, who hast borne
The burden of a broken heart,
Patiently, artlessly, and yet
With all the dignity of art,
While so intent to bless the world
None knew what woes thine own heart had—
Deep, bitter griefs, which, told above,
Would make the heavenly singers sad,—
Soon shalt thou learn the gracious truth,
Through griefs and cares which here annoy,
Heaven builds the path by which thy feet
Shall reach the highest hills of joy!

“TOO MANY HEARTS ARE SAD TO-NIGHT.”

TOO many hearts are sad, to-night,
I may not dance to music light,
They're sad from hunger and from pain,
And sad from sin's polluting stain.
Low down in cellars, up the stairs,
Where freely pass the winter airs;
'Neath wretched shed, and in the street,
Where pelt the piercing storms of sleet,
Are pallid cheeks, and sunken eyes,
And forms that never more may rise.
Too many hearts are sad to-night,
I cannot dance to music light.
But some will wake, if moved aright,
To noble purpose and brave deed,
And nobly with their duty speed,
Achieving full, complete success,
While all the world, admiring, bless.
All this, if now, right words I say,

While you with like companions gay,
In dizzy waltzing whirl away!
Too many hearts are sad to-night;
I will not dance to music light!

BLESSINGS FOR THE HELPFUL.

GOOD friend, if every one observed
The mandate to be kind,
If all were courteous as thyself,
And helpfully inclined,
How bright a scene this earth would be,
How light life's burdens prove;
How blithe, along life's rugged road,
Would pilgrims singing move!

Sweet resonance of sparkling streams
Would bless life's desert drear;
And birds would sing, and flowers and fruit
With fragrance fill the air!

There is no overestimate
 Of kindness to our kind,
And brightest stars will bless the man
 To helpful ways inclined !

THE FORTY-SECOND.

WHEN, erst, the nation was besieged
 By armed rebellious foemen,
And peace had fled, and skies were dark
 With every direful omen ;
And Lincoln, from the capitol,
 For aid so wistful beckoned,
Not least among the men to march
 The Bay state's Forty-second !

Now that the din of war is done,
 And glad the war cloud's risen,
They come with thought of camp and field,
 And of the rebel prison !

They gather here for hearty words,
In kindly interest spoken,
To make the bands of friendship strong,
That never may be broken !

Should Treason arm again her hosts,
To fill the land with trouble,
Her deepest schemes of ill would prove
An evanescent bubble ;
For those brave men would rise again
And march, with others like them,
To capture all the rebel guns,
And evermore to spike them.

And, wishing you much earthly joy,
And entrance late to heaven,
I speak this sincere offering,
In rhythmic numbers given,
By one who deems it pleasant fame
That he is welcome reckoned,
A member, in good standing, with
The Bay state's Forty-second !

THE CRITICS.

THE wicked wish some critics have,
And knack, and greed, to kill,
May pass quite readily for taste,
And evidence of skill ;

But were there none to write a verse,
Or paragraph of prose,
How critics, then, would pass their time,
Is more than mortal knows.

They might ascend the upper spheres,
To criticise the stars,
And teach good manners and good sense
To Jupiter and Mars;

Then clip away old Saturn's rings
And set him bounds to run ;
Or venture near the solar fires,
To regulate the sun !

And should these critics go to Heaven
Their joy would be to tell
How saints might tune their harps correct
And sing hosannas well!

THE RETORT.

THESE lines to tell thee bards
Who sing for all the listening land,
And sages wise and famed, had named
Felicitous and grand
The verse on which thou didst
Invoke an ignominous fate,
And, with high scornful wrath, declare
Unworthy of thy hate!

Then thou, with thy gray eyes
Quick twinkling in their greedy glee,
And rubbing thy cold palms, didst look,
Expectant long, to see

Before thee, suppliant still,
Thy victim bow in further prayer,
And then his trembling form begin
Dissolving into air!

Instead, at equipoise,
He gazed, awhile, in high delight
On thy hard face, then left thee there,
All powerless in thy might!
Although thou gav'st him joy,
He does not thank thee for the bliss ;
That verse, to thee, seemed lacking fire ;
Grim critic, say, does this ?

REMINISCENCES.

ESQUIRE SMITH AND OTHERS.

WE count above our common good,
Selectest of our joys,
Remembrances in those dear days
When you and I were boys,

And when, perfumed with clover bloom,
Our early moments ran,
And happy in the songs of birds
We journeyed up to man.

What other cure the world prescribes,
By far the safest, best,
Is glancing at our early days,
Is retrospect and rest.

From cares and crowds of urban life,
From traffic of the town;
From wearying toil in dust and din,
From griefs that weigh you down;

From present ill, and future dread,
And all that fetters thee,
Come to the country and the past,
Be innocent and free.

Review the scenes of early days
With fondness and with care,

The neighborhood once all your world,
And every object there :

The pansied yard, the slant well-sweep,
And apple orchard near ;
The ancient farm-house, broad and red,
By many memories dear ;

The hay-field and the pasture wide,
The fences by the lane ;
The thick-leaved maples where you hid
When pattered down the rain ;

The road where erst the stage-coach ran,
Which joyed you as it passed,
The high coach set on thoroughbrace,
And built to have it last ;

The mountain road-way, steep and rough,
On which you trudged to school,
To “make’ your manners” and to learn
Hard Colburn’s sum and rule ;

The school-house near the beechen grove;
The neighboring lumber mill;
The home-made hand-sled, and the joys
Of coasting down the hill;

The autumn woods and golden maize,
And old Thanksgiving day;
The winter wood-pile at the door
And drifts that choked the way;

Strict Sundays at the hill-top church,
Staid deacons in their pews,
The preacher in his lofty place,
Discoursing gospel news;

And Sunday noons, with sermon done,
And benediction said,
When we, in that dear scripture class,
“The word” together read.

Wise counsel, then, the teacher gave,
That angel of our youth,

If pointedly, yet tenderly,
To carry home the truth.

His sympathetic face dispelled
Our bashfulness and fears,
Glowed at recital of our joys
And saddened at our tears;

And fragrant will the memory be
Of our devoted friend,
Till that good town and all of earth
In nothingness shall end! .

And one was in that Sunday class
Who felt a call to preach,
And proved it true by saving those
Whom others could not reach.

With men on every hand who wished
The gospel plan explained,
He did not tarry long at school,
Nor wait to be ordained,

But went to work, with earnestness,
And strove his best to win
Some trophy for the Lord he loved,
By leading those from sin

Who near him dwelt, and whom he thought
In value quite the worth
Of those who lived across the seas,
In corners of the earth.

The hamlet school-house where he preached
To half a hundred men
Would hardly hold the throngs his words
Have won to grace since then.

Unlike ambitious pulpiteers
Who preach and pray for fame,
He did not seek the praise of men,
Nor glory when it came;

But, stronger grown with his success,
Nor vain amid applause,

He keeps his great and growing powers
Devoted to his cause.

Another of that Sunday band
Has lived for self alone,
And reached, at last, the height, he sought,
The politician's throne.

Ambitious man of place, the years
Of innocence review,
And see how far your selfishness,
From righteous ways and true,

Has led you on, through doubtful schemes
And crooked paths, to power
Which founded seems, but which must fail
When comes the trial hour,

And leave you naught but bitterness
And keen remorse for ways

At variance with the pleasant scenes
That gem your early days.

Among the quaint habitues,
Whose words the hamlet cheered,
Welcome at huskings and the "bees,"
The story man appeared.

Glad on their journey to the school,
The pupils heard him tell
Of famous men who once were boys
And learned their lessons well,

And were quite sure to reach at last
A place at Washington,
Where many mighty laws were made,
And other things were done !

Although you little knew or dreamed
What were the "other things,"
Have you until to-day remained
Quite innocent of "rings?"

The other school tasks done, you said
“Set” answers, that were given,
Anent some worthies then on earth,
And others gone to heaven.

With veneration you pronounced
The ancient Briggs's name,
But have you copied in your life
His honest steps to fame?

The shed remains wherein you sawed
The beech and maple wood,
Where cart and farming tools were kept,
And where that grind-stone stood

Which brings to you sad memories
Of axes hard to grind,
And, in hot days, the scythe, to try
The temper of your mind!

Often you vowed, when older grown,
Machinery should serve

To do the work that over-tax'd
Your adolescent nerve.

But other themes than labor aids
Have moved your mind since then,
And you have had your axes ground
By various sorts of men!

You must recall quaint "Major" Brown,
Who led a roving life,
Since, years before, death claimed the girl
Pledged for the "Major's" wife.

And you remember when they laid
This "Major" Brown to rest,
That reverent, near the open grave,
The neighbors kindly pressed;

While all the failings of his life,
In pity, were forgot,
And all his worth was magnified,
With worth that he had not!

Although, to-day, you feel above
Such broken men of grief,
So "great" they ought to prize the pence
You dole for their relief;

When, at the coming call of death,
You journey out of town!
Will people think as well of you
As erst of "Major" Brown?

Ambitious man of place, the scenes
Of innocence review,
And once again return to walk
In righteous ways and true.

This selfish one let us dismiss,
He cannot flourish long;
And we can find more fitting theme
To chronicle in song,

In that delightful scene, when you,
At spring-time, on the hill,
Entranced to see the liquid wealth
From maple trees distill,

And, that it might the sweeter grow,
Sing, o'er the laughing fire,
A carol sweet as ever breathed
From angel lip or lyre,

Found finer charm in liquid eyes
Of two most lovely girls,
Whose happy smiles and ruddy cheeks,
And innocence and curls,

Were invitation that you dish
For them the waxen sweet,
And in return, for recompense,
Their lips with kisses greet !

One was a cousin, I believe;
The other was a friend

Whom afterwards you vowed to love
Till earthly days should end.

And now the keepsake that she gave
Is moist with tears you shed,
To think, before the wedding day
Your pleasant friend was dead!

By road whereon the stages ran,
Not far away, the place,
Wherein, of old, as "leading man,"
With more than usual grace,

There reigned Elnathan Smith, Esquire,
Who lived, through all his days,
For morals, manners and attire,
Deserving sincere praise.

Smith spurned a miser as a thief,
And acted "on the square;"
And those not Masons have belief
That Smith had once "been there."

Attending church in holy time,
As every body should,
He "joined" in prayer and Sunday rhyme,
As pious people would.

Smith kept his temper all the while
Unmarred by frown or fret,
And gave a penny and a smile
To every child he met.

He had good sense and ready wit,
And kept whate'er he heard
That was for keeping really fit,
And always kept his word.

To patriotic teachings true,
He deemed of highest worth,
And kept, as most of Smithville do,
The "great and glorious Fourth."

Smith had a clear, unbiased mind,
And, such the town's desire,

The governor felt well inclined,
And made him village squire.

He taught, ten terms, the district school
In an adjoining place,
Maintaining there a pleasant rule
With dignity and grace.

To Washington he never went,
That town of high import ;
Yet twice had been as juror sent,
And once to General Court !

As Smith grew old he walked in town,
On pleasant afternoons,
Attired in garb of modest brown,
And humming cheery tunes.

And, with his full and steady breath,
And face with health aglow,
He seemed no older near his death
Than twenty years ago ;

Yet Mister Smith has gone from earth,
As every mortal must,
Of noble or of lowly birth
Unrighteous they, or just.

His life, in Smithville which began,
Closed there at eighty-four;
And Smithville weeps that this good man
Can be with them no more.

Smith's life-long friend was Doctor Bliss,
Who carried, everywhere,
A smile, to cheer the sick and drive
That worst of curses, care.

Bliss loved Squire Smith, and looked like him,
Clad trim in like attire;
Near him he lived, and when he died,
Was buried near the squire.

Another friend of Mister Smith,
Respected and revered,
Was William Wilson, learned and wise,
A teacher born and reared.

The ancient school-house where he taught,
For twenty years and more,
Had but three windows on a side,
And one above the door.

It stood upon the village green,
Hard by the “Center church;”
Was well supplied with furniture,
But unsupplied with birch !

This Wilson had a better way
To punish recreant boys,
Who had been lazy at their tasks
Or making needless noise.

To them more dread than blows the book
Wherein, with proper grade,

For every wrong a pupil did,
The fearful check was made!

With patience and with kindly care
He led his pupils through
The paths of common learning, till
They every feature knew.

And oft, perchance, they caught a glimpse
Of classic grove and field,
And felt a longing for the fruits
Those pleasant regions yield.

But Euclid and "the languages,"
In district schools of yore,
Were all discarded and forbid,
As very useless lore.

Since Wilson gave up teaching school,
Ten years and five have passed;
But through a century to come
His influence shall last.

He still resides within the town ;
And, though three-score and ten,
The people all declare he is
The comeliest of men.

Not far away from Smith's abode
The shop of Crispin Crane,
Who furnished boots for Smithville folk,
A livelihood to gain.

Not only did he gauge their feet,
But oft they came to find
He fully had the power to take
The measure of their mind !

By timely repartee he stilled
A most perplexing bore,
Who perpetrated bitter jokes
Within the Smithville "store."

And Smithville vowed, town meeting day,
“Who can this pest defeat,
We must elect him, here and now,
To legislative seat.”

Crane proved a wise assembly man,
Was hearty with his friends,
And never made a speech unless
To compass worthy ends.

It was this year in politics
A party rose and fell,
Whose bad disaster at their schemes
It is a joy to tell.

Late in the term a question rose
This party called the test,
For which their leader spoke at length
With artificial zest;

And, in his final flight, declared,
“How favored is the land

Where, sentinels of public peace,
Labor reformers stand!"

"‘‘Labor reformers’,’ Crispin spoke,
“That means reformed from work ;
And rightly named, for well you like
Life’s burdens all to shirk.

“Below the wrath of common men;
Too cheap for ours by half,
We’ll not oppose your plannings, but
Explode them with a laugh !”

The wit that beamed in Crispin’s eyes,
Put all in merry mood,
As rang around the galleries
A soul-refreshing “Good !”

The gavel man forgot to rap,
Reporters dropped their notes ;
And when some one “the question” called,
The measure had twelve votes !

And that's the way the party died,
By this sarcastic Crane ;
And hence the reason he was sent
To General Court again.

And still again was Crane returned,
Until six times in all ;
Nor by the lures of lobby men
Did he from honor fall.

Yet Crane does not love politics ;
And, now, in private life,
He glories in his leather art,
His children and his wife !

Let not the bards to whom belong
High themes and lofty verse
Despise, as all unworthy song,
The lives these lines rehearse.

Though each lived in obscurity,
Yet each was still a man;
As good on earth we seldom see,
And better never can!

Though Smithville was so blest of heaven,
To it one tedious thorn was given,
A full “perfected” man of sin,
Most surely who the purse could win,
Did he and Satan run a race
On any course away from grace!
Supremely mean in all his deeds,
His heart as hard as flint; the needs
Caused by his extortions moved him not;
The pining poor were all forgot.
Selfish, of marble face, and stern;
Full quick to sin, and apt to learn
The ways of avarice and wrong;
On primal sin improving long,
He chose oppression for his art,
And practiced it with all his heart;

His sinning cloaked with graciousness,
And cursed when he appeared to bless!
He so gifted in causing tears
Had fitting name—Abijah Beers.
May God protect if here, again,
So bad a man 'mong living men!
And there was not, since earth began,
So much of meanness in a man.
To find fit place for him to dwell,
The liberals declared for hell!
He died at last as fools do die;
Thistles thrive where his ashes lie!

WHAT IS SAID.

OPINIONS OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, DR. J. G. HOLLAND, WILL CARLETON, JOHN G. WHITTIER AND OTHER POETS, PRESIDENT HOPKINS, PRESIDENT L. CLARK SEELYE AND OTHER EDUCATORS, JAMES A. GARFIELD AND OTHER SCHOLARS, BISHOP SIMPSON AND OTHER EMINENT DIVINES, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, AND THE PRESS.

Mr. Greene has always a song in his heart and a pleasant word for every body he meets. Poems in this volume which have won words of warm commendation from some of the acknowledged best authors of the day, take their sentiment and coloring from his blameless and busy life. The beautiful blending of the soul and song of the writer is seen in this extract from one of his poems :

Live in the sunshine while you live,
To all the sad your sunshine give,
Live in the sunshine while you live.

—Berkshire Courier.

Mr. Greene stands, since Dr. Holland's death, without a peer as delineator of New England life and scenery.

—Berkshire County (Mass.) Eagle.

Mr. Greene never makes a mistake in the rhythm or music of his verse. "Bright on your native hills" is hearty, breezy and sweet.

—Dr. J. G. Holland.

May the muse of this poet of our valley long continue to sing.

—Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette.

WHAT IS SAID.

Mr. Greene has the poetic soul and uncommon talent for graceful and vigorous verse.

—*North Adams Transcript.*

It is well that, in an imitative age, when every singer has more or less of the mocking bird, Mr. Greene has held fast to his own arrangement of metres and tropes. He has a real poetic vein.

—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The friends of Mr. Aella Greene of Springfield, Mass., rejoice with him in the well merited encomiums which crown his muse with the fadeless wreath. Two of his happiest productions are characterized by Whittier as possessing "a true feeling of poetry, and much rhythmical felicity." The chair of literature in a Scotch university contributes to his crown of rejoicing, and, mingling with these tenderly treasured encomiums, are the congratulations of governors, statesmen and divines, who refer to them, in so many words, as "above all price."

—*The Household.*

It is pleasant to know that Longfellow received with much cordiality the poet, Mr. Aella Greene, and awarded to some of his later poems a very hearty meed of praise. In reading one of them, Mr. Longfellow said, "That begins well!" then, as he progressed, "That is fine!" His final remark, uttered with an earnestness that betokened his sincerity, was, "That is a good poem?" "And that is good, too," was his equally hearty comment on another. What is particularly noteworthy, Mr. Longfellow expressed his pleasure in writing, and over his own signature—"something," as he told Mr. Greene, "that I rarely do, even for my personal friends." Mr. Greene treasures the great poet's name, as well he may; and it is in "goodlie companie," Whittier, Garfield, Mark Hopkins, Bishop Simpson, and others equally eminent, having likewise given words of the most cordial appreciation of Mr. Greene's poems.

—*New England Homestead.*

WHAT IS SAID.

Mr. Greene's transcripts of country life in New England are even photographically correct.

—*Albany (N. Y.) Evening Times.*

Among the many commendations for Mr. Greene's poems, the following from Will Carleton will have great weight: "There is in Mr. Greene's poems a peculiar sweetness of versification, a quiet and restful philosophy, and a sweet progressive spirit pervading and symmetrizing each effort."

—*Spencer (Mass.) Sun.*

Mr. Greene has a mind which peculiarly combines the practical and ideal in life. His poems have been commended by the most distinguished literary men in the country, including Longfellow, Whittier and Will Carlton.

—*Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times.*

We are glad to know that Mr. Greene of Springfield, Mass., has not dismissed his muse. His poems drive away melancholy and make the heart better. Several of them have received high compliments from such judges as Longfellow, Whittier, J. G. Holland and Will Carleton.

—*Vermont Union.*

Mr. Greene's poems have received many happy words of commendation from authors and critics whose praise is honor.

—*Holyoke Transcript.*

"Bright on your native hills" has the fragrance and the rich beauty of the New England landscape and rivulets of which it tells.

—*Windham County (Vt.) Reformer.*

The poems disclose refinement and poetic gifts which must make the volume a source of delight to the reader.

—*The South.*

More and more the true poetic intuition.

—*Vermont Phoenix.*

WHAT IS SAID.

"Mr. Greene knows how to dispense with superfluity, and his poems, severely simple and strictly true in thought and utterance, show genius and care, and breathe upon us the pure atmosphere of industrious, cultivated New England."

—*St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.*

"Mr. Greene has a correct ear for rhythm, a hearty love for poetic truth; and, what is best of all in these days of unfaith, a sweet religious belief underlies and unifies all he writes."

—*New Jersey Coast Pilot.*

Poetic gems.

—*Clinton (Mass.) Courant.*

Prof. J. W. Patterson of New Hampshire, the best literary critic in the Granite State, refers to Mr. Greene's rhythmic work as "real poetry in thought and expression;" and concerning it that scholar statesman, the illustrious JAMES A. GARFIELD, before he ascended "Where the Noble have their Country," made his estimate as "sweet" and "bright," giving the author permission to send these facts to the world coupled with the Garfield name.

"Bright on your native hills" is an inspiration heaven-born and heaven-sent.

—*Rev. J. H. Williams, of Ohio.*

I welcome Mr. Greene's poems, as I do the rays of the sun, for their wholesome sweetness and cheer.

—*Rev. J. F. Gleason, of Connecticut.*

There is that in Mr. Greene's poems which commands the respect of every reader.

—*Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York.*

Revealing uncommon poetic inspiration and expressing the genuine sympathy of the man with what is noble.

—*President L. Clark Seelye.*

WHAT IS SAID.

True poetic conception and poetic expression of a high order.

—*Rev. Dr. A. C. Osborn.*

His stanzas sing in the memory.

—*Rev. George E. Martin.*

Mr. Greene has a decided poetical gift.

—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

I congratulate Mr. Greene on receiving, from Mr. Whittier and others, commendations that are above all price.

—*Ex-Gov. William Claflin.*

In Mr. Greene's poems soul speaks to soul with music in its speech.

—*Judge William P. Strickland.*

"Bright on your native hills," "Come, Happy Bird," and "Where the Noble have their Country," won my warm approval before they received that of the great bards whose verdict is indisputable. One may rest content when Longfellow, Whittier, and Holland approve, but I am glad to say, Amen. May Mr. Greene's next poem come soon, and may his last be long deferred!

—*Judge W. S. Shurtleff.*

Concerning Mr. Greene's previous venture in verse "Rhymes of Yankee Land," a book noting persons and incidents in the valley threaded by the Connecticut River road and bright with the shining waters of the "sweetest stream that flows," a volume issued in 1872, there were many praiseful words from press and people; and the book ran through several editions, and became known far beyond the New England section of America, whose homes and hills furnished the originals of the characters and scenes. The Providence *Journal* found the work "unique, original and truthful," the Battle Creek (Mich.) *Journal* noted "a rare rhythmical beauty" in the poems, the Berkshire County *Eagle* found "merit of high order" and the Springfield *Republican*, St. Albans (Vt.) *Messenger*, and thirty other journals spoke in the same strain.





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